

THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

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THE STANDARD

The only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge County. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

Correspondence and business letters should be addressed to

THE STANDARD

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1891.

THE RETURNS.

First of the bulletins received last night were those relating to the vote in New York city. They were not strongly encouraging for the democrats, the result indicating at about 8 o'clock that Flower's majority there was 54,000. This was a marked falling off from the figures of three years ago when Hill carried New York city by 69,000. Bulletins received a little later in the evening, however, strongly indicated that in scattered rural precincts Fasset was failing to hold his own. The estimates were that he could not come to Harlem bridge with more than 49,000 majority, as against 54,000 majority for Flower in New York and 15,000 for him in Kings. These figures gave the state to Flower by about 20,000 majority. Returns received at a late hour lifted the figures in favor of Flower, and at this writing the dispatches place his majority at 25,000.

It is not easy to account for the marked falling off in Fasset's strength in the interior counties except on the theory which the STANDARD has advanced since the day of his nomination—that is that, in the opinion of the the voting public, Mr. Fasset is not the statesman he was cracked up to be. He ran far behind the vote polled in the rural districts by Miller, in 1888. At this hour the returns from Ohio are too incomplete to warrant any statement regarding the result except that McKinley carries the state. The STANDARD's news page will undoubtedly be able this morning to give estimates on the majority based on later returns. Whatever the result, all men will admit that Governor Campbell made as gallant a fight as was ever witnessed in this country, facing odds that were enough to crush any man but keeping up the plucky struggle until the last vote was in the box. It required all the resources the national republican party could muster to rescue McKinley. His election was practically conceded by close observers several days ago.

The earlier dispatches indicate that Russell's chances in Massachusetts are excellent. He held his own admirably in Boston, and while the republicans scored gains in many parts of the state, it does not appear from figures received up to midnight that Russell's majority of 9,051, in 1890, can be overcome.

If Mr. Fasset desires to retire behind a barn or somewhere long enough to kick himself as he contemplates the irrevocable loss of that \$15,000 job, the New York collectorship, nobody will offer any objections.

The reasons offered as explanatory of the ill-will which, it is alleged, the Chilians bear towards Americans are as curious as they are varied and diverse. That yarn assigning the origin of the alleged prejudice to a spirit of hostility alleged to have been manifested by certain Californians toward certain Chilians who came to California during the gold excitement of 1849, is about as ingenious and fanciful as they make them. It's a wonder somebody doesn't go hunting for the causa belli in the troublesome days of the flood.

Mr. Fasset's home didn't do the handsome thing by him yesterday—Elmira voted against him in spite of all the proclamations about his popularity there. On the other hand, Mr. Flower's old home paid him a most graceful compliment. The little city of Watertown is steadfastly republican. It gave Miller 141 majority when he ran for governor three years ago, but yesterday it put politics aside and gave Flower 443 majority.

IT OUGHT TO STOP.

The STANDARD has full faith in the ability of the school trustees in Butte to manage in an orderly and satisfactory way the business entrusted to them. Things are in a bad way just now, but men like Mr. Trask, Mr. McCracken and their associates surely know how to bring order out of the prevailing discord. Under the circumstances it isn't the particular duty of a newspaper even so much as to suggest that the trustees ought to do—the duty they owe the schools and the public is plain enough, and we assume that these gentlemen have the sense and the nerve and the disposition to meet that duty and discharge it.

But the cause will be harmed and it must be added, the trustees will expose themselves to censure if the unseemly conduct of the men who are at the head of Butte's educational establishment is much longer tolerated. It is a clear

case of petty rivalry. The trustees might have appointed a superintendent and an assistant, and the work could have gone on without clashing if the duties of each of these officers had been distinctly defined. The situation is that Mr. Riley wants Mr. Russell's place, Mr. Russell is aware of the fact, and the trustees are divided in point of preference.

The rivalry between these two men is making a burlesque of the board; the thing has gone quite far enough and the remedy is simple.

One of this morning's dispatches suggests that Fasset suffered in the rural precincts nearly as much as Folger did in 1882. Not quite as bad as that, yet, under the circumstances, Fasset's defeat is quite as humiliating as Folger's was. When Folger ran the republican party was openly divided. The claim made this year was that Fasset had the solid and united party behind him.

The democrats of Maryland did the thing up Brown, giving their gubernatorial candidate of that name some twenty thousand majority.

THEY MAY BE WORTHLESS.

War-ship architects appear to be literally and figuratively all at sea. Big ships are being built and big things are predicted of them by their builders, but within there seems to be a good deal of uncertainty lying around loose touching their fighting qualities in actual battle. There can be no test absolutely satisfactory except the test of practical experience. At present the idea seems to be arising in naval circles that the attack has developed itself far ahead of the defense, and that the very heavy armored vessels are really not of very much account.

An English engineer expresses the opinion that except for certain purposes not only is the limit reached in war ships, but that the tendency is to lighten the armor, and instead of having ships of unwieldy bulk and difficult to handle in the face of an enemy, to go back, so to say, to the first principles, not indeed so far as to build wooden vessels, but to build of steel with less thickness of armor and greater capacity of speed. The huge battle-ships of the British and Italian navies, even with their enormous displacement, are not completely protected and are too unwieldy for general defense. Moreover, in the attack modern guns have a penetrating power that shatters the thickest armor plates, and these guns are steadily gaining on the defense. Whether this will prove true of the new combination plates of nickel and steel is yet to be tested.

In connection with this subject a curious parallel has been noticed between the present armoring of ships and the armoring of soldiers in the middle ages. When gunpowder was first introduced, the armor of knights and men-at-arms was gradually increased in weight to meet the new weapons. As the quality of powder and guns improved armor was added until it reached a point where, if a knight was unhorsed, it required several squires to get him into the saddle again, or if a man fell he could not pick himself up unaided. The next step was to limit the armor to the more vital portions, retaining only the cuirass and helmet. Finally even these were thrown away. It is quite possible that the same course may be pursued in modern navies. A good, old-fashioned war would soon settle the merits of the new-fangled devices.

Tom Platt is a later. It has taken New York about ten years to teach him that the people have no use for him. He doesn't appear to realize how much harm he does the party. His mission this year has been to prepare the way for the election of a second democratic senator for the Empire state.

The Campbells, we regret to say, are not coming this year, at any rate are not coming our way.

IN NEW HANDS.

It gives the STANDARD pleasure to commend the appointment of Mr. F. E. Corbett as acting county attorney for Silver Bow county. The office has come to be one of great importance—its duties have been grossly neglected by the gentleman to whom the people unwisely entrusted it. Mr. Corbett is a good lawyer, he is industrious, and he has had an experience which equips him in good shape for the service to which Judge Pemberton has assigned him.

Several months ago the STANDARD very plainly indicated that prisoners were put to unfair treatment, that court expenses were exorbitantly extravagant, and that the administration of justice was unduly delayed by reason of neglect on the part of the county attorney. There was no news in what the STANDARD said at the time—every lawyer and, for that matter, almost every citizen of Butte knew that in a mild way the STANDARD was reciting notorious facts. It was hoped that reference made in the right spirit to the county attorney's dereliction would serve the purpose which friendly criticism had in view. The event proved, however, that there was no good ground for this expectation. Things have gone from bad to worse, and that the patience of the court is wholly exhausted is not strange.

The voters of Silver Bow county evidently made a mistake when they bestowed the office of county attorney on a lawyer whose administration became a public scandal purely because of his unwarrantable neglect. They tell us that no end of complications will follow if Mr. Campbell is retired from service, that he can collect salary and fees, and that even if he were impeached it would be next to impossi-

ble to make out a case against him. We do not presume to say how all this may be, but that it is for the interest of the taxpaying public to have the docket cleaned up, there can be no question.

Massachusetts may be an old-fashioned New England state, but when it is necessary she seems to know how to Russell pretty well.

The flower that blooms on the third of November, tra-la, is the stuff.

NEW EDUCATIONAL WRINKLE.

A Scheme That is Said to Work Satisfactorily in France.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The science of educating the young is making rapid strides, and new theories are put into practice as soon as they are demonstrated to be better than the old. In France a year's trial has been given to a new distribution of time for schools for young girls, and the results are reported to have been excellent. Instead of forcing the children to attend school both morning and afternoon, and making them travel the streets four times a day and keeping them from home for a large portion of their waking hours, they were only allowed to attend school between 9 o'clock and noon, leaving the afternoon free for domestic and personal work.

It is now reported that never was such good work done by the children. It was not difficult to keep within the limit of five mornings all the instruction really needed, and the children, with the prospect of being free at noon, are said to have worked with a will without either fatigue or impatience. The school teachers also devoted themselves more thoroughly to their labors, knowing that they could have the afternoon for their own studies. Even the parents were grateful. A large proportion of the children were from poor families, and parents not only secured their assistance in household duties, but they made the home influence felt.

In the United States the tendency has been of late to cram the brains of the children, and the question as to whether or not this was not hurtful has often been discussed in educational circles. With a reduction of the hours of tuition there was a cutting off of some extra studies, but reports show there was a greater proficiency in the essential studies. If it can be shown that the half-day system is an improvement, there are many reasons why it could be adopted with propriety. The fact that it leaves a full half day free would be an incentive to poor people to force their children to attend schools until they attain a greater age, instead of as at present removing them for the purpose of setting them at work. It is a system that should receive careful consideration at the hands of the educational bodies.

THE GRANDEUR OF "SCIENCE."

Fugilism as it is Sometimes Displayed to the Public.

From the San Francisco Examiner. The prize fight Tuesday evening near Danbury, Conn., was a horrible caricature of the claims of pugilism as a "manly art," whose exhibitions are supposed purely on account of their displays of science and courage. The fighters bit, gouged, choked and kicked. There was nothing more scientific or manly about their performance than there would be about a scrap between a terrier and a rat. When one man put his thumb in the other's mouth and sipped his cheek open, following up this exploit a little later by springing at his adversary and biting a piece out of his shoulder, there was nothing but the difference between two and four legs to show for the thousands of ages of patient work that nature has expended in evolving human beings out of beasts.

But the conduct of the fighters was not the worst feature of the nauseous exhibition. What was infinitely more disheartening was the fact that the crowd of spectators seemed to enjoy the butchery. They were worse than the men who were mutilating each other for their amusement. They thronged around the ring, encouraging the hideous exhibition, and when one of the two-legged bulldogs had enough and wanted to quit, they forced him back. They probably would have kept up the fight until it ended in a murder if one of the biter, in desperation, had not made a dash at them, broken his way through and escaped.

We are accustomed to moralize over the brutality of a people that can enjoy bull fights, but we know of no sport practiced in any civilized nation which would not shine by comparison with this affair at Danbury. The old Roman gladiator shows would have been elevating by the side of it. If this sort of thing is to be the final outcome of scientific "glove contest," we would better close up all the rings and take to playing lawn tennis.

FROM SUNDRY STANDPOINTS.

If there should ever be another high tariff bill, Mr. Blaine and Mr. McKim will have to get together when it is composed. It isn't well for two statesmen of the same party to be making each other ridiculous.—Louisville Courier-Journal, dem.

The report that Steve Elkins has been invited into the Bull on cabinet is revised with some show of authority. With Elkins and Wagoner together, only Quay would be needed to give republicanism a complete representation.—St. Louis Republic, dem.

Are railroad directors criminally liable for the neglect of their employees which result in loss of lives when or many caution would have prevented? When the courts decide that they are the era of blood-curdling disasters will be reduced to a minimum.—Chicago News.

At the present rate of increase in will contests it would seem that young lawyers may soon hope for much lucrative business in their professions. It is but rarely that a contestant amasses a fortune by breaking a will, but whoever wins or loses, the attorneys are well paid.—Boston Advertiser.

The long catalogue of vices contained in the pastoral that the Methodist Episcopal conference has sent out to the church is a most judicious and a remarkable comprehensive knowledge on the part of the authors of the letter of the sharp practices and evils of this wicked world.—Providence Journal, ind.

ties on it be removed or that the domestic manufacture of it be stopped. This is extremely inconsiderate of the feelings of the high tax advocates, but it is entirely natural.—Providence Journal, ind.

Mr. Quay's lugubrious remarks of Pennsylvania, where the democrats wickedly persist in howling about state issues, that only Philadelphia can save her in the coming election. Remembering that Mr. Quay made that same remark last year, it looks as if the battle down there was going the right way.—Springfield Republican, ind.

The prevailing impression is that the precedents are in Mr. Call's favor. It is certain that quite a number, which appear to sustain him, have been cited in the public prints. However, it will not be many months before it will be known whether Mr. Call or Mr. Davidson has the better case. In the meantime the discussion of the contest in Florida or elsewhere outside of the senate is not likely to help either Mr. Call or Mr. Davidson.—San Francisco News, dem.

PLUCKED FROM "PUCK."

Little Bo-bey—Your new brother is awful little.

Little Harry (loftily)—Oh, he'll be bigger yet! We are getting him on the installment plan.

Paddy—Why are you walking about with your eyes half closed?

Shoddy—I'm looking for work.

"I want to die!" the youth cried out.

"Things are not what they seem."

But I will not smoke a cigarette—I'll join a football team."

Ned—Did old Mr. Threms say anything about a dot when you asked him for Sylvia?

Jack—No; he used dashes.

Dawyer—The archdeacon prayed for rain last Sunday, but it hasn't come yet.

Shower—Next time you'd better send for the canon.

"Good night!" she said; and laid her head upon his many breast;

And he, accepted, homeward turned, His soul with joy possessed.

He fancied still above his heart He felt that cheek so fair,

On hanging up his coat he found Its ghostly imprint there!

Sir Scadless Scadshy—Yahs, I may say, my only books are woman's looks, ye know.

Miss Britie—Then I presume you would dislike any further examination of international copyright.

Miss Hollyhock (from the country)—I cannot understand why he doesn't come. I wrote him we would be ready at 8.

Miss Ampelosis (of New York)—That accounts for it. He supposed that meant 9. It always does in New York.

Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers their time to fade, And winter underclothing

It's time to be displayed.

Tom de Witt—These trousers hold their shape well, Schlicker.

Schlicker—It's all in the making, sir.

Tom de Witt—I thought so; you see they bagged at the knees the first day I wore them, and they've kept the same shape ever since.

PROMINENT OR PECULIAR.

Sir Edwin Arnold modestly admits that he is a poet.

New York people are now giving William Wilde, the last husband of Mrs. Frank Leslie, charming dinners.

Not to be outdone by her colleague in calamity, Senator Pepper, Mrs. Lease is beginning to boast of her whiskers.

General Proctor, according to Col. George W. Hooker of Vermont, possesses more of the qualities and characteristics of Abraham Lincoln than any living man.

The czar and the rest of the Russian imperial family left Copenhagen yesterday for Danzig. They are going to have a party at Livadia in celebration of the royal silver wedding.

Mrs. Besant will be inexpressibly pained to learn that the head of the American theosophists, William Q. Judge, emphatically declares that Blavatsky has communicated with no one since her death.

The Prince of Wales is preparing for a high old time on his 50th birthday, which occurs November 9. London will give him an address in a gold box. His friends hint that he is not proud of his age.

Lord Salisbury, when he was plain Robert Cecil, was a reporter, and was always ready, after a night in the gallery, to go out with the boys and invoke nightmare on a supper of Welsh rarebits and London stout.

The most eloquent pulpit orator in Canada is the Rev. Dr. George Douglass. He is blind and his hands fall helpless in front of him from paralysis, so that he appears half dead. But no one who hears that marvelous voice can remain insensible to the charm of his oratory.

Henry N. Smith went to New York from Buffalo with a few thousand dollars and a desire to make a fortune. His first venture in Wall street succeeded and he kept on getting rich until he—failed. It's a long lane that has no turning, and a short career in "the street" that knows no failure.

KITTY, MY COLLEEN.

Kitty, my colleen, 'tis you that look winsome spinning the wool, with your beautiful smile,

Lave off and let your old grandmother spin some.

I've something to whisper you out at the stile, Tra-la! with your looks, love, so daintily curled,

Your lips, that keep humming a fortunate tune.

And your wee white hands, that are twirling and twirling.

You're weavin' my heart on the spindle, arreen; Arrah thinn, Kitty.

It's you that look pretty, Sated so sweet at your old spinnin'-wheel;

Winnow and winnow! "The while you keep spinnin'!"

My fate with your nate little ankle and heel!

You needn't mind tossin' your tresses so flaxen,

For I'm fair as a fortune o' gold,— And your hand, Kitty dear, is so weeny and waken.

The soggy should give it to some one to hold; An' I'm sure were made to encircle a waist.

Fare! your lips are so like a bunch o' ripe berries.

I'm thinkin', alanna, of thyrin' a tashte. Arrah thinn, Kitty.

It's you that look pretty, Sated so sweet at your old spinnin'-wheel;

Winnow and winnow! "The while you keep spinnin'!"

My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

Tunder an' turf! it's a shame beyond sinna! To sit so provok'd at your old spinnin'-wheel;

It's high time for colleens to lave off their spinnin'!

Whie the moon and their bouchals peep in at the door;

So come to your Burney, my darlin' so winsome,—

Ah! Kitty, you're breakin' my heart with your smile.

Whist! nisy, arreen, let your grandmother spin some.

I've something to whisper you out at the stile, Arrah thinn, Kitty.

It's you that look pretty, Sated so sweet at your old spinnin'-wheel;

Winnow and winnow! "The while you keep spinnin'!"

My fate with your nate little ankle and heel.

—November Century.

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—TIME SCHEDULE—

ARRIVE AT BUTTE.

No. 105, Bozeman express.....7:30 p. m.

No. 106, "Pony" express.....8:45 p. m.

No. 108, From the west (daily).....6:55 p. m.

Missoula and Helena express.....12:10 p. m.

DEPART FROM BUTTE.

No. 1, Pacific mail.....2:35 p. m.

No. 106, Bozeman express.....7:40 p. m.

No. 108, "Pony" express.....7:50 a. m.

Missoula and Helena express.....7:20 a. m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Bozeman express arrives and leaves from Northern Pacific depot. No. 4, east bound, arrives and leaves from Montana Union depot, has through sleeper for St. Paul and Chicago. No. 3, west bound, leaves from Montana Union depot at 2:35 p. m., has through sleeper for Tacoma and Portland. Nos. 1 and 4 carry day and night Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars. For rates, maps, time tables or special information apply to any agent, Northern Pacific railroad.

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